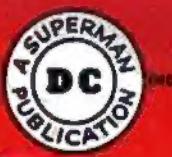


No. 19
JUNE
JULY

Featuring **NERO FOX**
THE JIVE-JUMPING EMPEROR OF ANCIENT ROME



Leading COMICS



WORSE THAN
EVER! AT LEAST
WHEN HE **TOOTS**
THE SAX HIMSELF,
HE CAN'T **SING**
TOO!



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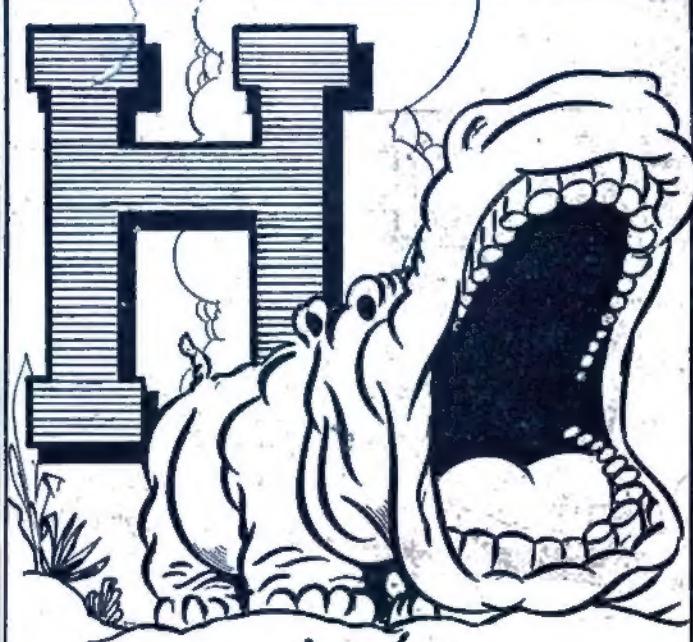
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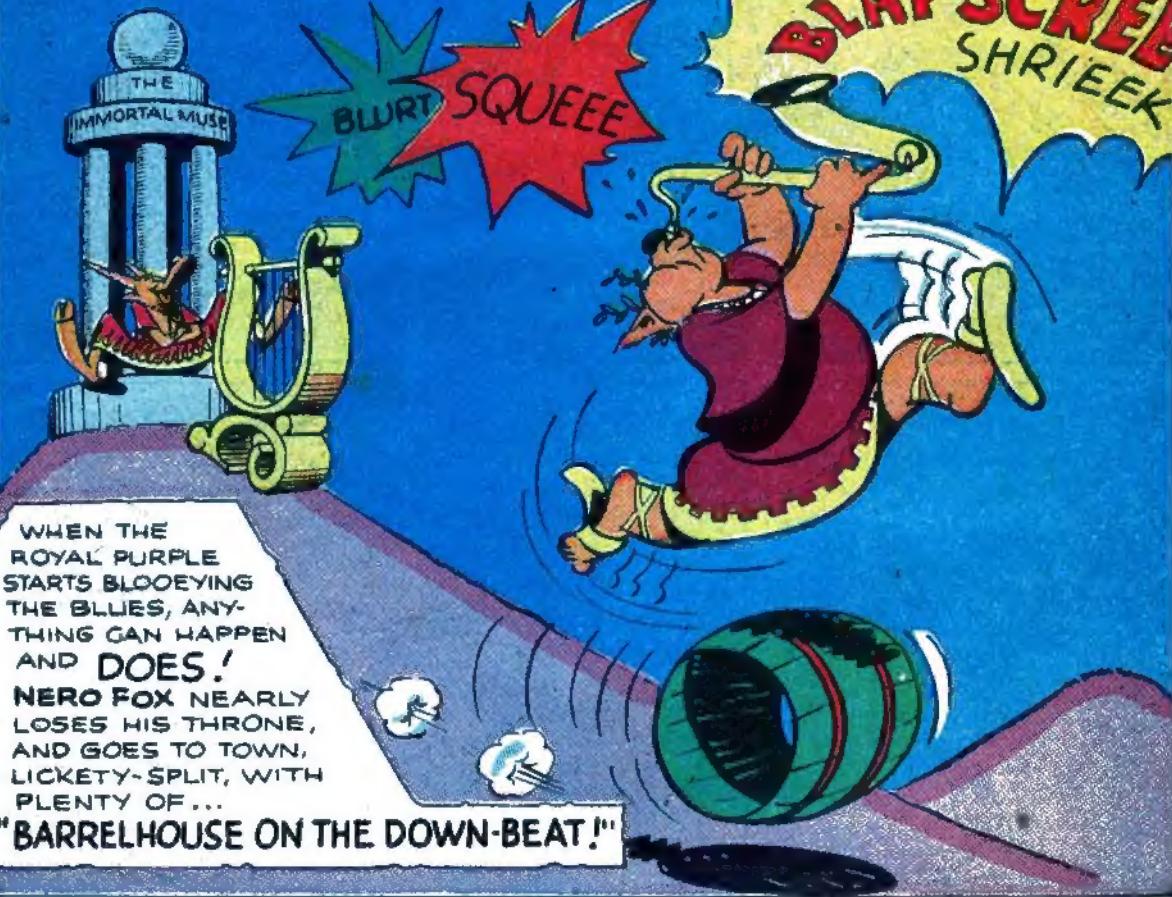
is for
HIPPOPOTAMUS,
AND WHEN HE FINISHES
HIS SWALLOW,
HE'LL TELL YOU BOOKS
THAT BEAR THIS SIGN
HAVE THE OTHERS
BEAT ALL HOLLOW !



- ON THE COVER OF
**STAR-SPANGLED
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY
COMIC
MAGAZINE !

NERO FOX

BLOOEY

BLAP SCREE
SHRIEKK

DEAR ME, EVERY TIME NERO PLAYS HIS GOBBLE PIPE, THE WHOLE POPULACE HAS THE EARACHE NEXT DAY!

ESPECIALLY ME, WITH MY BIG EARS!

HMM... I, SLICKIO WEASELIUS SHOULD BE EMPEROR, NOT NERO! BUT HOW?



LET'S SEE...
HMM... HMM...
I'VE GOT IT!

IF I GET RID OF NERO, THE CITIZENS WILL BE SO THANKFUL, THEY'LL MAKE ME EMPEROR!

THE SEVEN HILLS GROCERY

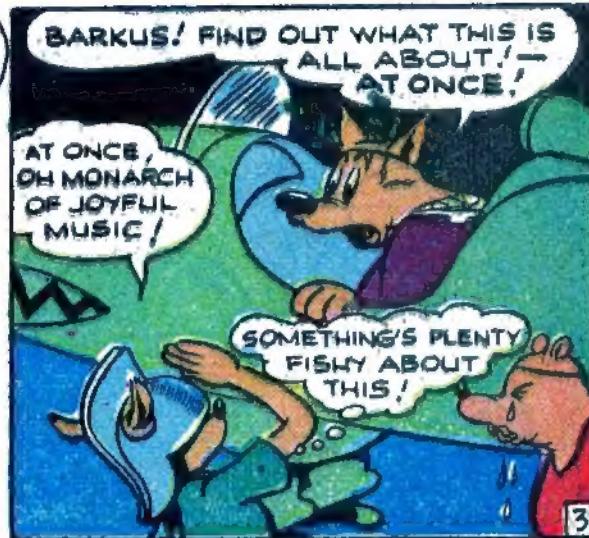
HERE'S FIVE GOLD DENARII AND A COUPLE OF OLD LODGE BUTTONS, I'M BUYING OUT YOUR WHOLE STOCK OF ONIONS!

OKAY, BUT BOY, I HOPE I NEVER SIT NEXT TO YOU AT THE RACES!

LISTEN... I WANT YOU TO LOAD THESE ONIONS IN A CHARIOT AND... ZZZ... BZZZ... GBZZZ... GET IT?

OKAY! OKAY!

ONIONS





EMPEROR, WE WEEP FOR THOSE WHO DWELL OUTSIDE OF ROME, AND SO CANNOT HEAR THE JUBILANT JIVE YOU PLAY ON YOUR GOBBLE PIPE! / REALLY?

THIS IS INDEED TOUCHING!

SLICKIO' WEASILIUS IS RIGHT! THE WHOLE WORLD SHOULD HEAR MY MUSIC! — WE'LL MAKE A WORLD TOUR! PACK UP!

I FEARED SOMETHING LIKE THIS. SLICKIO'S GOT SOME PLAN UP HIS SLEEVE!

GET MY INSOMNIA INSPIRATION SALAD ABOARD SHIP AT ONCE... BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK I SHOULD GO, BARKUS?

I'LL SETTLE THAT QUESTION RIGHT NOW!

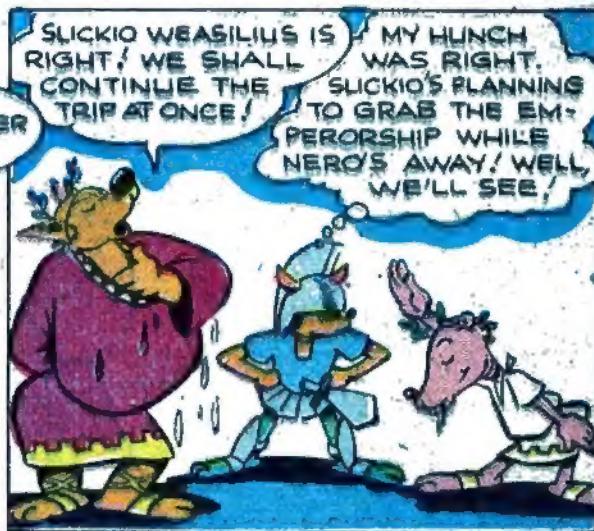
CHEESE
PICKLE
LOBSTER
CREAM
PORK + VINEGAR
INSPIRATION
SALAD

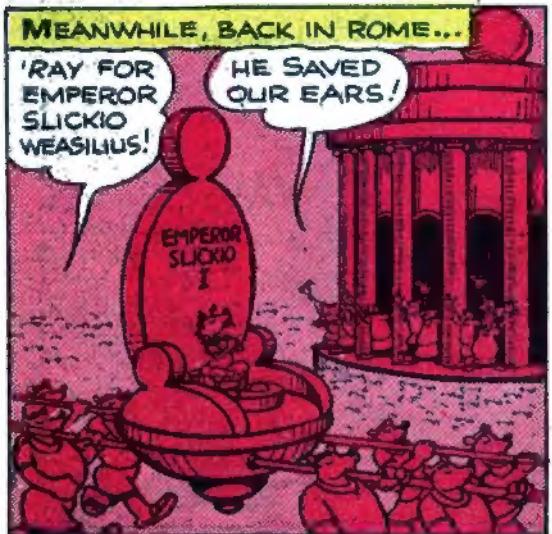


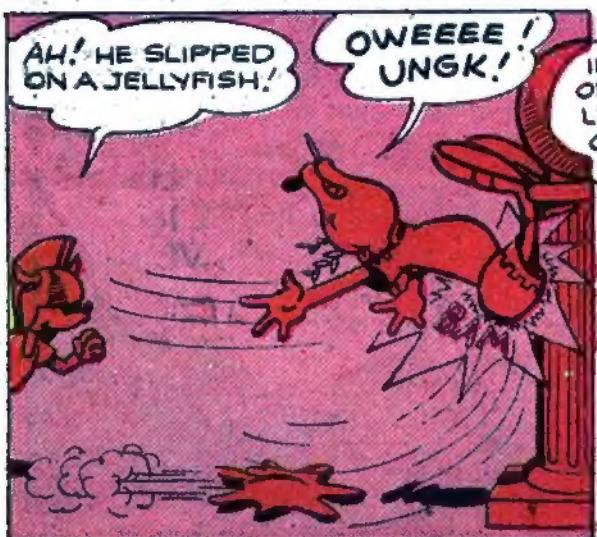
YOW! WHO DID THAT!

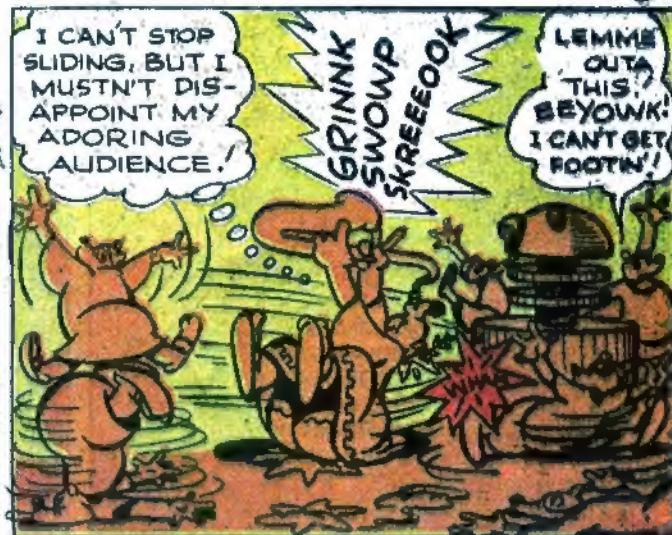
YEEEEE! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I'M RUNNING FAST ENOUGH, BUT IT FEELS LIKE I'M GOING BACKWARDS! I'M AFRAID TO LOOK!









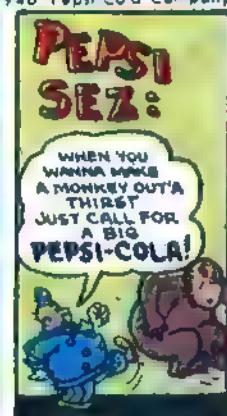
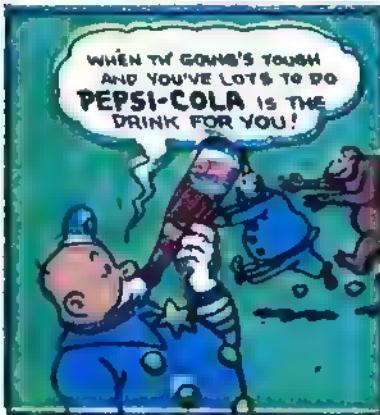


"PEPSI"...

THE

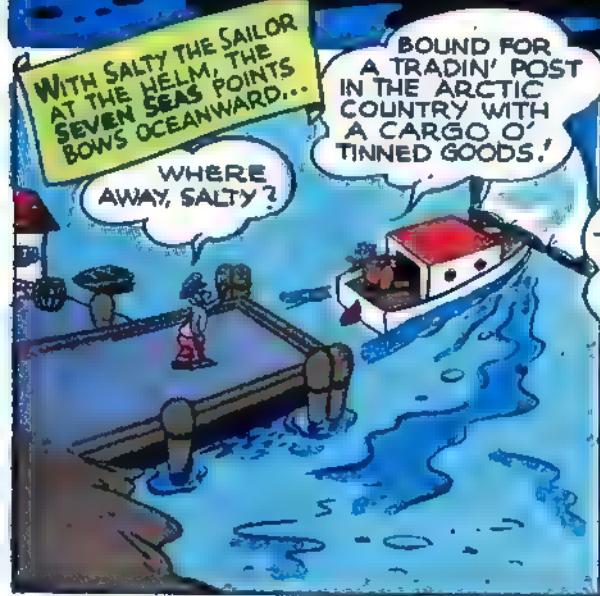
PEPSI-COLA

COLA

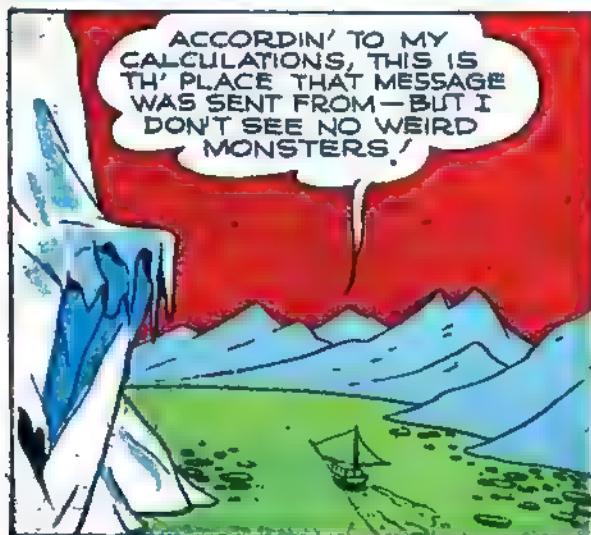
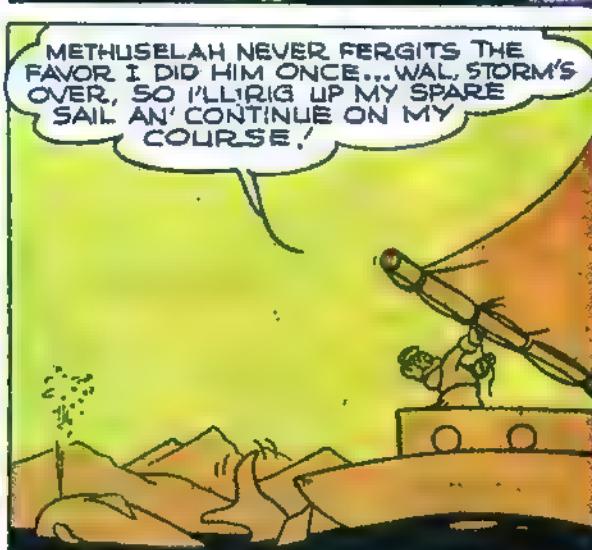
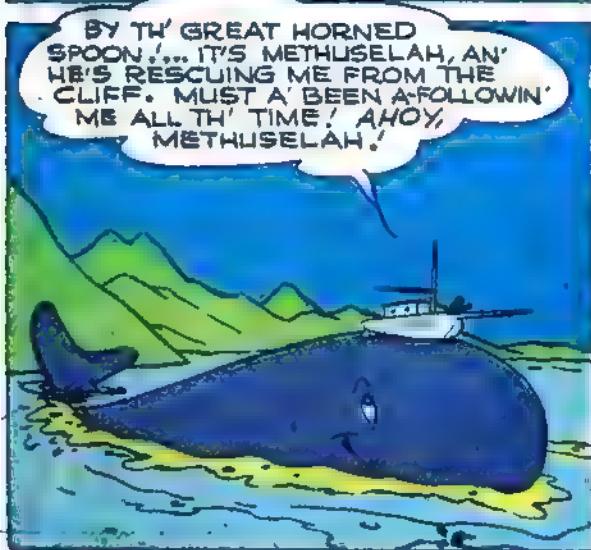
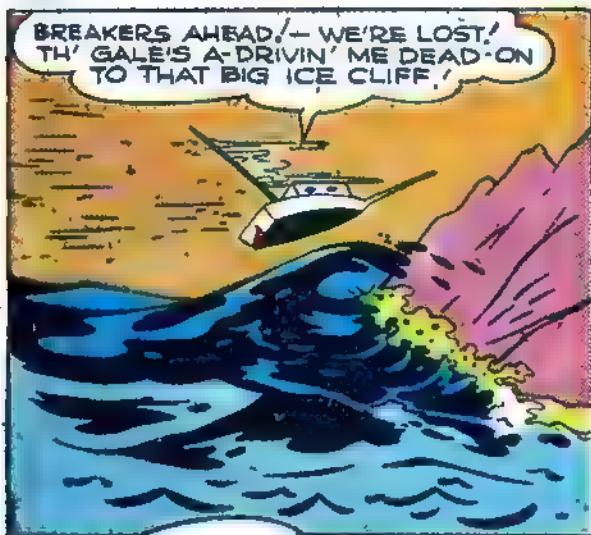


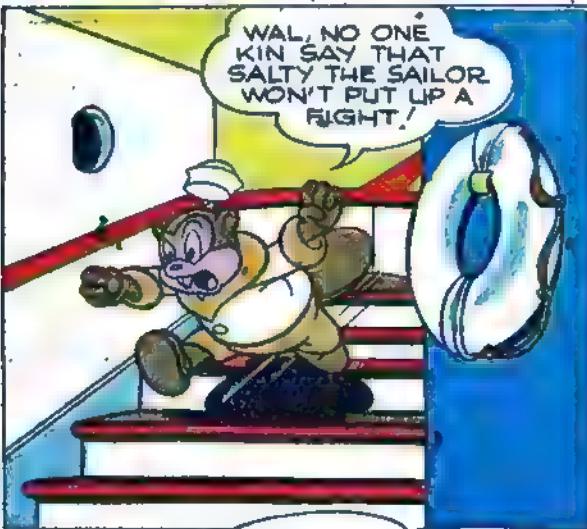
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SALTY THE SAILOR













WHY-WHY, THE BLASTED CRITTERS WAS MADE OF ICE!!

YES, MADE OF ICE, AND YOU'VE RUINED THEM! BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO BE RESCUED!

I'M A SCULPTOR. I CAMPED HERE TWO YEARS AGO TO MAKE SCULPTURES OF NATIVE LIFE. MY BOAT WENT ADRIFT, AND I NEEDED ALL THE DRIFTWOOD I COULD FIND FOR HEAT AND COOKING. COULDN'T SPARE ANY FOR A SIGNAL FIRE!

SO I SCULPTURED THESE HUGE ICE MONSTERS TO DRAW ATTENTION AND SENT OUT MESSAGES IN BOTTLES. MY TENTS UP ON THE PLATEAU.

YE SHOULDN'T A MADE THEM ICE MONSTERS! THEY KEPT SAILORS AWAY. THAT IS, ALL BUT ME!

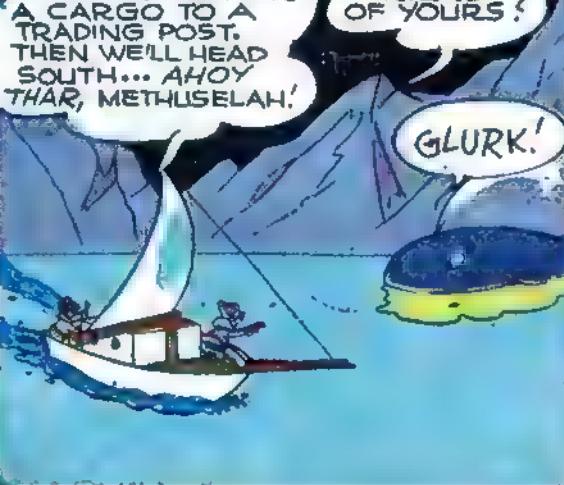


I GOT TO DELIVER A CARGO TO A TRADING POST. THEN WE'LL HEAD SOUTH... AHoy THAR, METHUSELAH!

FRIEND OF YOURS?

GLURK!

YEP. IF IT T'WARN'T FER OL' METHUSELAH, I'D A BEEN SHIPWRECKED AN' SHARING THAT ISLAND WITH YE RIGHT NOW!





Hugo Hornspred

WHEN HUSKY HUGO HORNSPRED FALLS AFOWL OF A RASCALLY WRECKING CREW, THINGS LOOK PRETTY BAD--UNTIL HUGO GETS HIS DANDER UP AND THEY REALIZE THEIR BIG MISTAKE IN PITTING THEIR WITS AGAINST... MOUNTAIN MUSCLE!

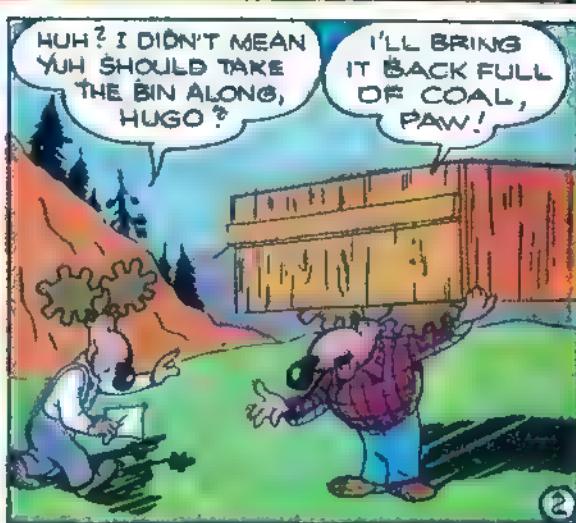
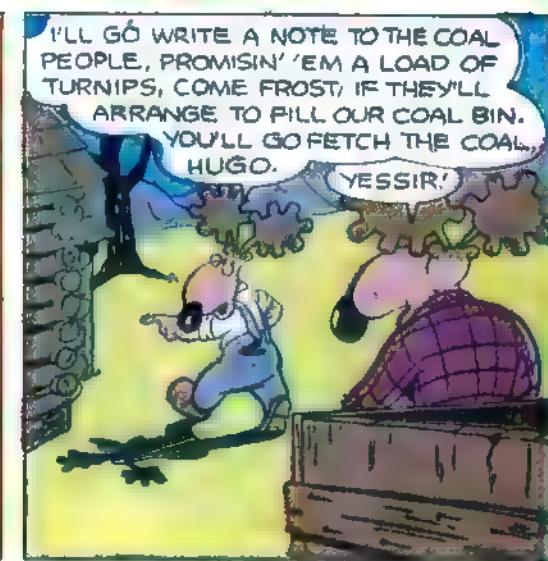
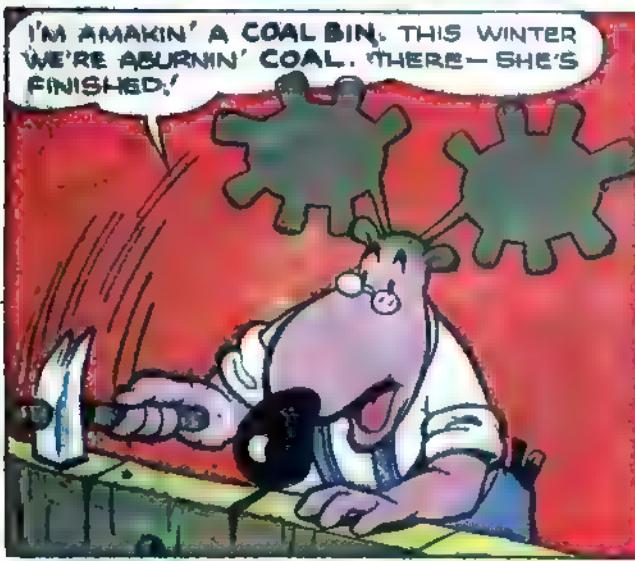


WISH'T THERE WAS SOMETHIN' T DO --
CAINT JES KEEP PLAYIN' ROUNDY-ROUND
WITH A WAGON-WHEEL ALL DAY.



SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY HAMMERIN'.

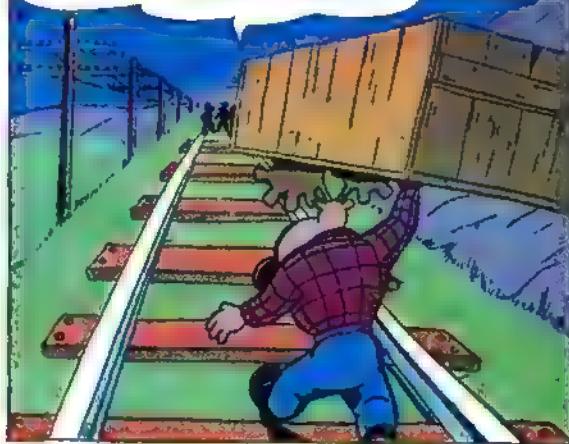




I'LL SHORT CUT T' THE RAILROAD,
AN' FOLLOW IT RIGHT T' THE CITY
COAL YARDS, BY GUM!



MEBBE IF I GIT A GOOD BARGAIN ON TH'
COAL, PA'LL LET ME BUY A PACKAGE
O' CHAWIN' GUM, MEBBE...



UP AHEAD...

A FINE BUNCH OF LUGS
YOUSE GUYS IS! WE MAKE
PLANS T' WRECK DE TRAIN
AN' ROB DE MAIL CAR
AND YOUSE FERGET
DE DYNAMITE!

I TOUGHT PETE
BROUGHT
IT!

I TOUGHT
SLUGGER
BROUGHT IT!



KIN YE TELL ME, GENTS, IF I'M GOIN' RIGHT
FER THE COAL YARDS?

A WALKIN'
HOUSE!
YOW!



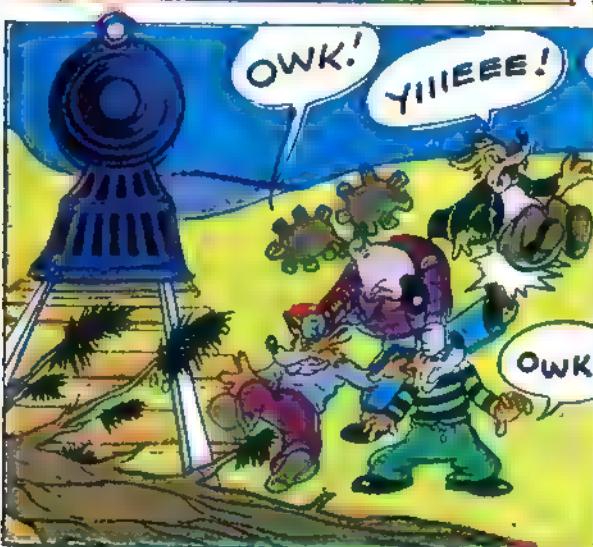
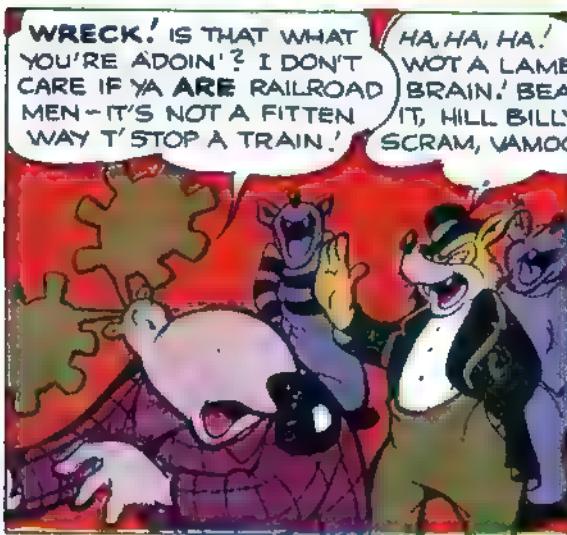
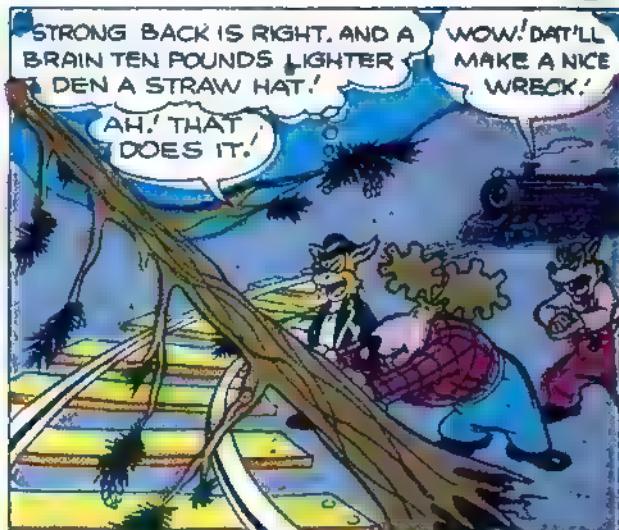
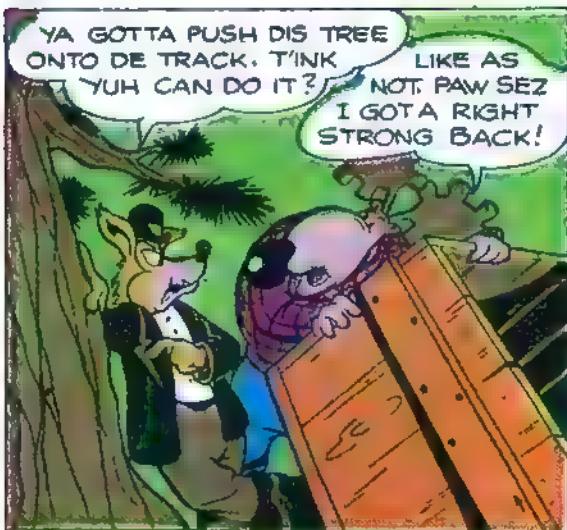
WHY-WHY, IT'S JUST A HICK-A
POWERFUL MOUNTAIN HICK.
AND HE'S JUST
WHAT WE
YUH SAY YUH
WANT THE COAL
NEED!
YARDS, JACK?

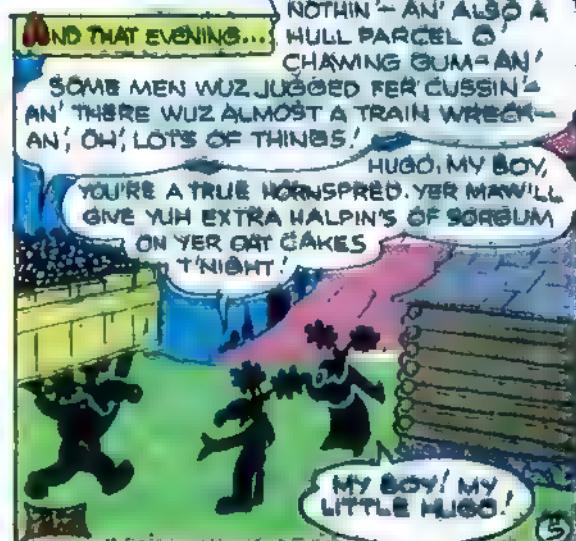
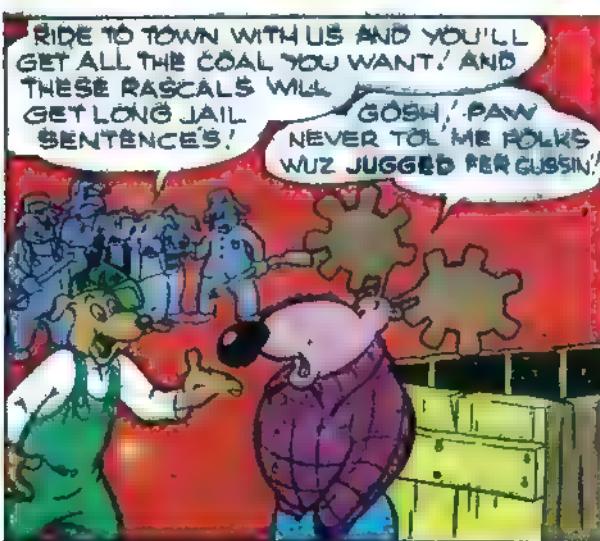
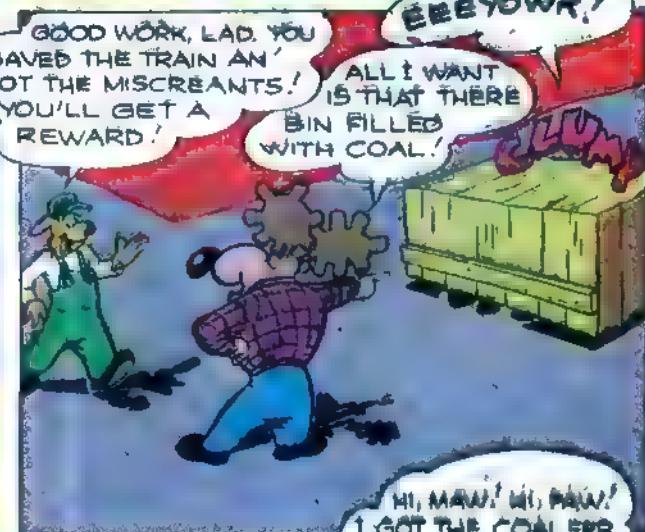
YEP. ONLY MY
NAME AIN'T JACK;
IT'S HUGO. I GOT
M'COAL BIN RIGHT
WITH ME!



WE'RE RAILROAD MEN. THE
NEW COAL YARDS IS GONNA BE
RIGHT HERE, BUT DE ENGINEER OF
DE COAL TRAIN COMIN' RIGHT NOW
DON'T KNOW IT YET-SO WE GOTTA
STOP HIM! C'MERE!







LOOK! TWO NEW SERIES

OF THRILLING
HOT-IRON TRANSFERS



WILD ANIMALS
IN ACTION!

DOGS!

One as a PRIZE in every package
of Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT!

HEY, kids! Here are thrills galore! Exciting new hot-iron transfers! Think of the fun you'll have, showing the rest of the kids these swell prizes!

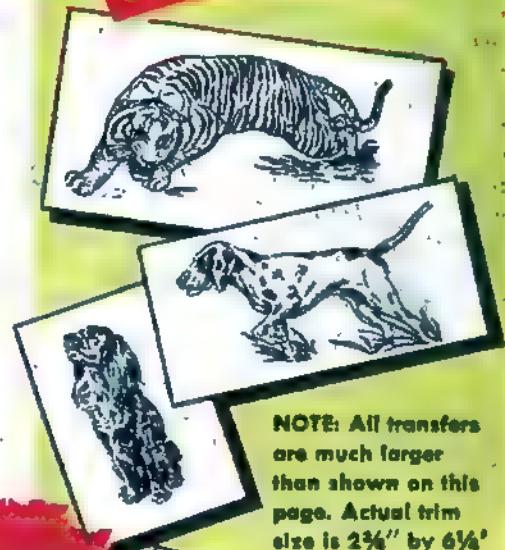
Cover your sport shirt or jacket with transfers of charging elephants, skulking tigers, springing lions—with pictures of popular breeds of dogs! The pictures transfer clean and sharp. They're long-lasting; will stand laundering.

Get 'Em As Prizes!

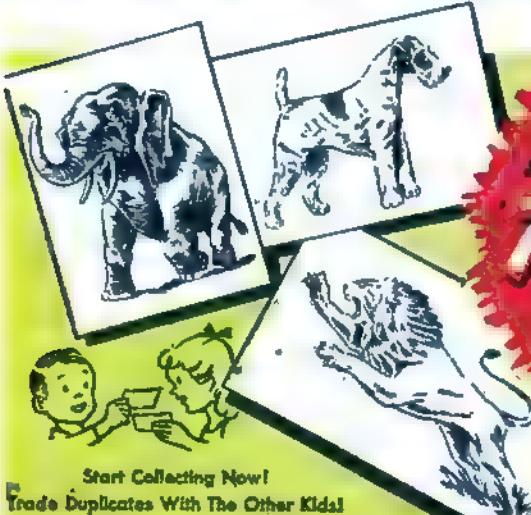
You don't have to send in a thing to get these keen transfers!

There's one in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat. And watch your family go through a package of this delicious breakfast cereal! It won't take long to get a full collection of these great new hot-iron transfers!

Kellogg's Shredded Wheat is a swell food for energy. Helps build strong bodies. Tell Mom that those crisp, crunchy biscuits are as good for you as they are to eat. Ask her to buy Kellogg's Shredded Wheat next time she shops. Start collecting these two new series of thrilling hot-iron transfers right away!



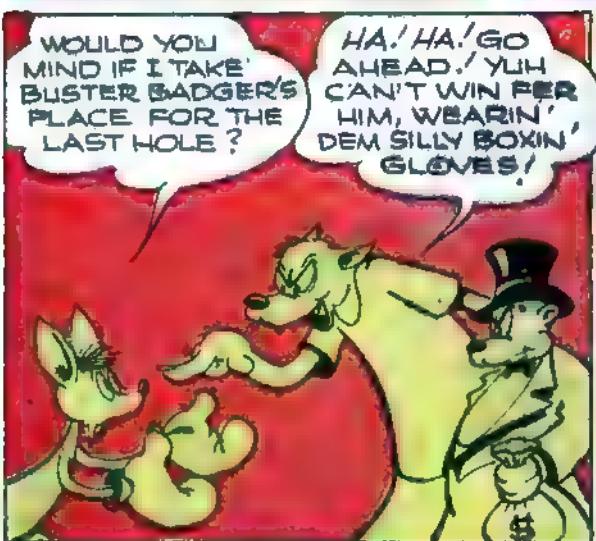
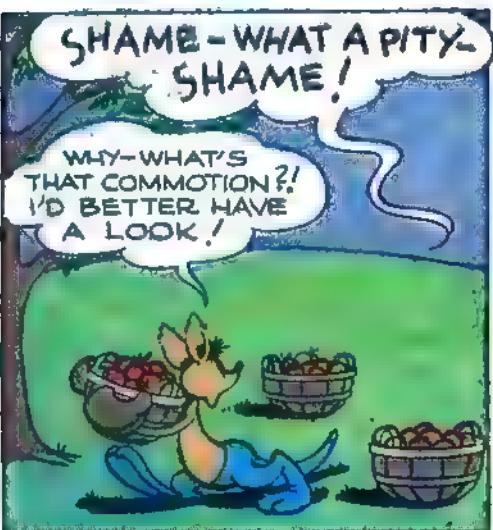
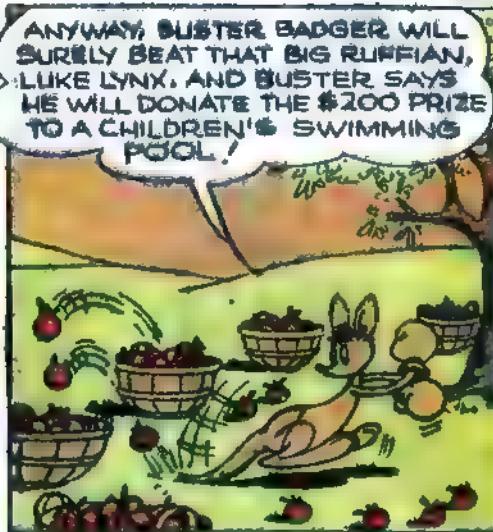
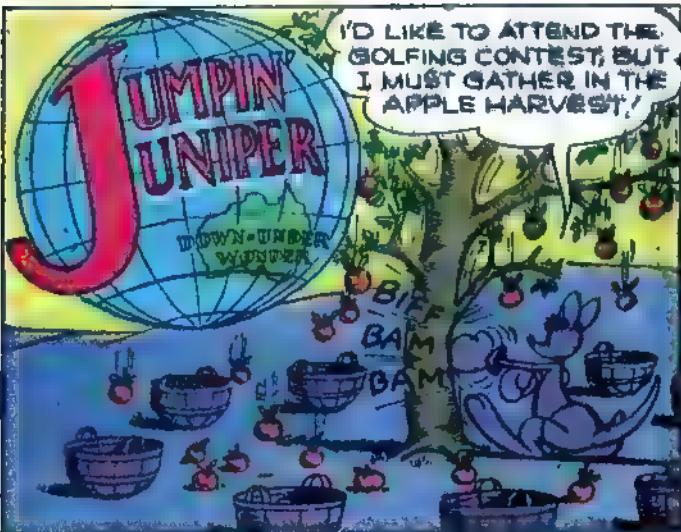
NOTE: All transfers are much larger than shown on this page. Actual trim size is 2 1/4" by 6 1/4".



NOTHING TO MAIL OR
SEND IN! GET ONE AS A
PRIZE
IN EVERY
PACKAGE!



Start Collecting Now!
Trade Duplicates With The Other Kids!





HA! HA! IN DE SAND TRAP
I BET!



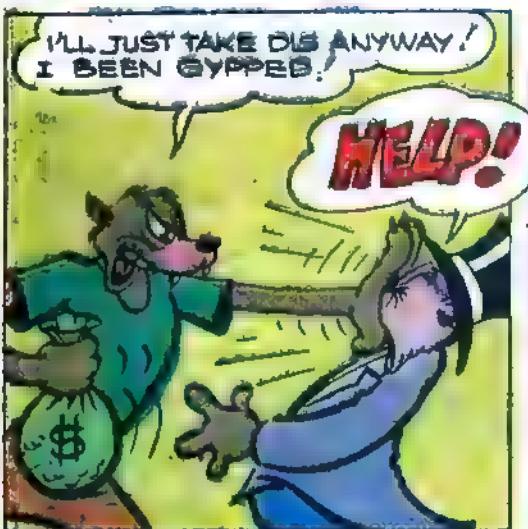
A HOLE IN ONE!
YOWEE!

WHAT!!



I'LL JUST TAKE DIS ANYWAY!
I BEEN GYPPED!

HELP!

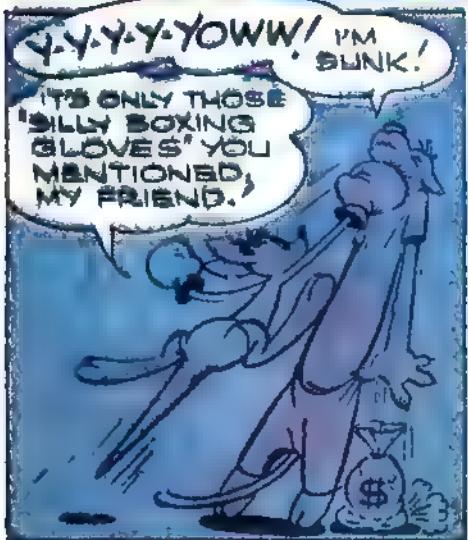


THE MONEY FOR THE
CHILDREN'S SWIMMING
POOL! OH, STOP
HIM!



Y-Y-Y-Y-YOWW! I'M
SUNK!

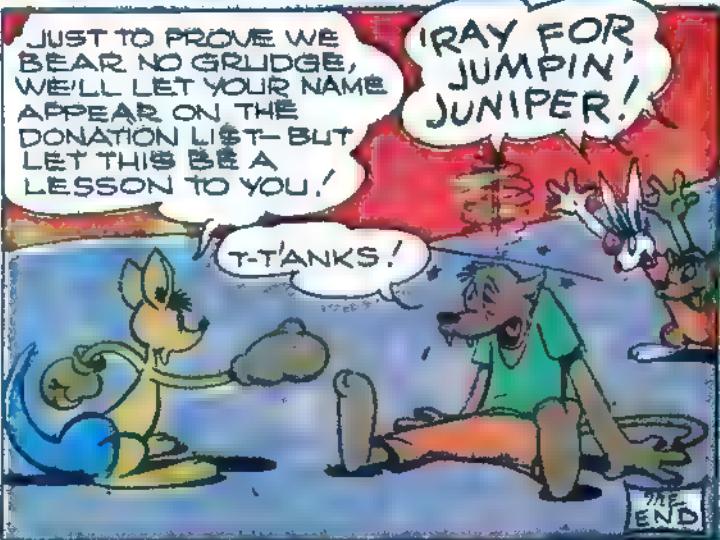
IT'S ONLY THOSE
"SILLY BOXING
GLOVES" YOU
MENTIONED,
MY FRIEND.



JUST TO PROVE WE
BEAR NO GRUDGE,
WE'LL LET YOUR NAME
APPEAR ON THE
DONATION LIST—BUT
LET THIS BE A
LESSON TO YOU!

RAY FOR
JUMPIN'
JUNIPER!

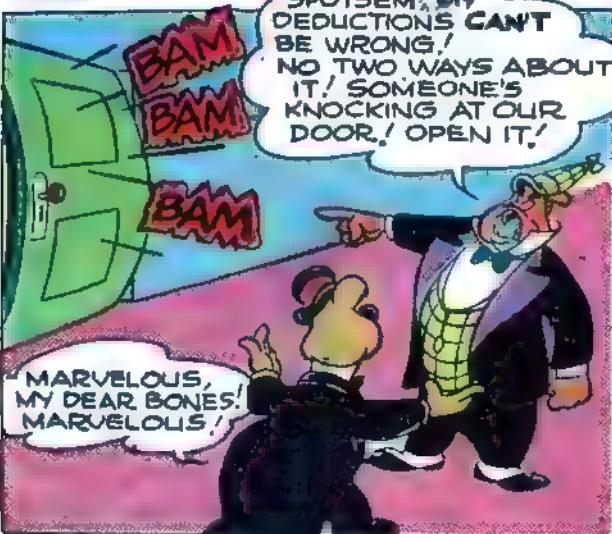
T-TANKS!



THE
END

SPYLOT BONES







TEN DAYS AGO, I REMEMBER, BECAUSE IT WAS ON THE EXACT DAY I STARTED TAKING SINGING LESSONS FROM, PROF. KEN AIRY!

HMM... BAFFLING, MOST BAFFLING. YOU MUST GIVE US TIME YOUR LADYSHIP. WE SHALL REPORT TO YOU LATER.

CHEERIO! I SHALL DEPEND ON YOU, MR. BONES!

PIP, PIP, FAIR LADY...



NOT A WORD, SPOTSEM! I'M CONCENTRATING!

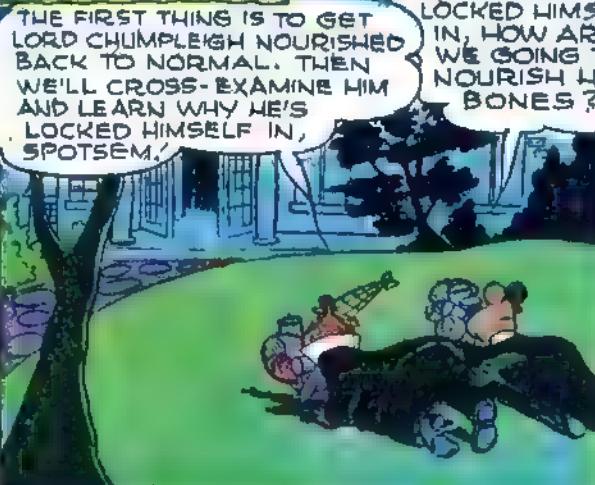
YOU'VE GOT TO ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE... ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE...

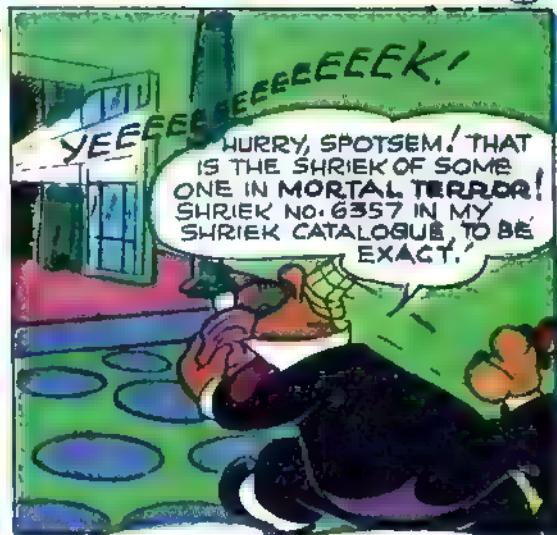
THUS, PRESENTLY...

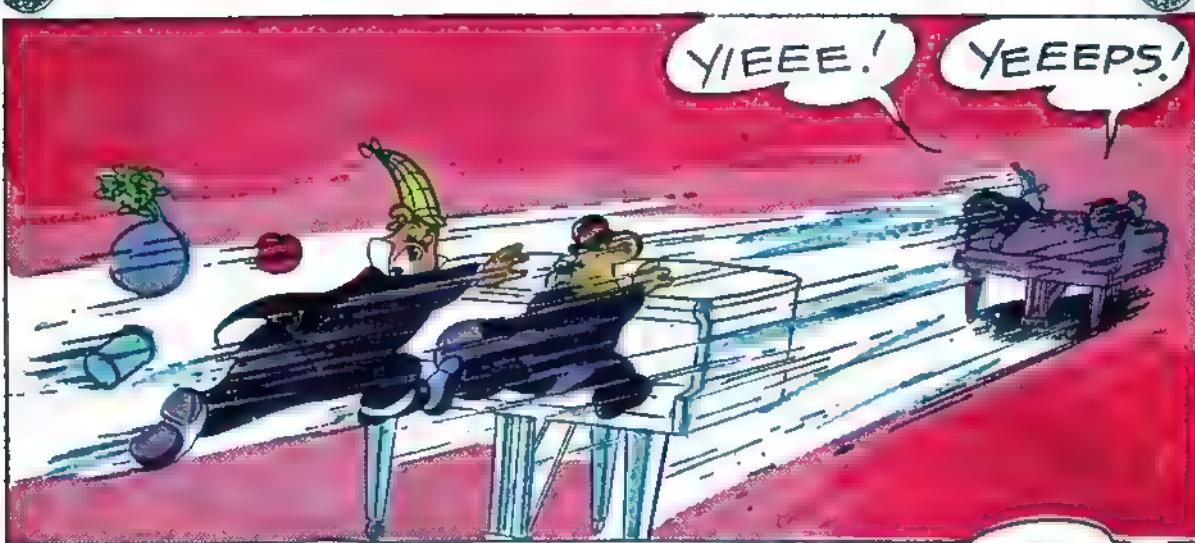
THE FIRST THING IS TO GET LORD CHUMPLEIGH NOURISHED BACK TO NORMAL. THEN WE'LL CROSS-EXAMINE HIM AND LEARN WHY HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN, SPOTSEM!

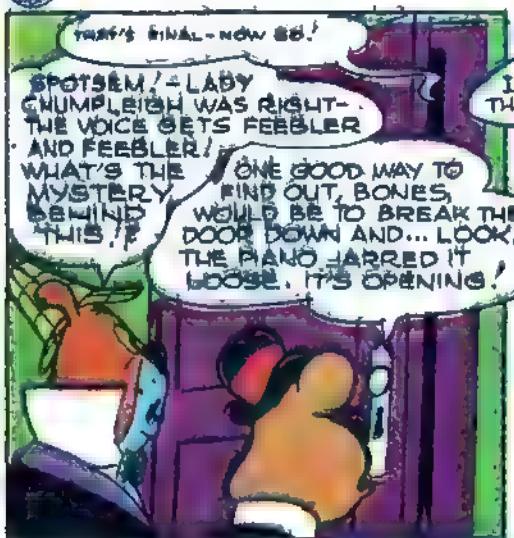
BUT IF HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN, HOW ARE WE GOING TO NOURISH HIM, BONES?

I'VE THOUGHT THAT ALL OUT! FORCED-FEEDING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE, MY DEAR SPOTSEM!



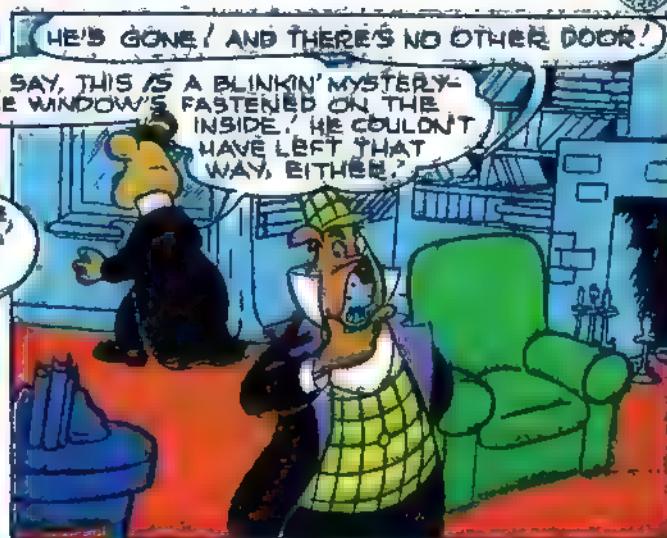






SPOTSEM! - LADY CHUMPLEIGH WAS RIGHT - THE VOICE GETS FEEBLER AND FEEBLER! - WHAT'S THE MYSTERY BEHIND THIS?

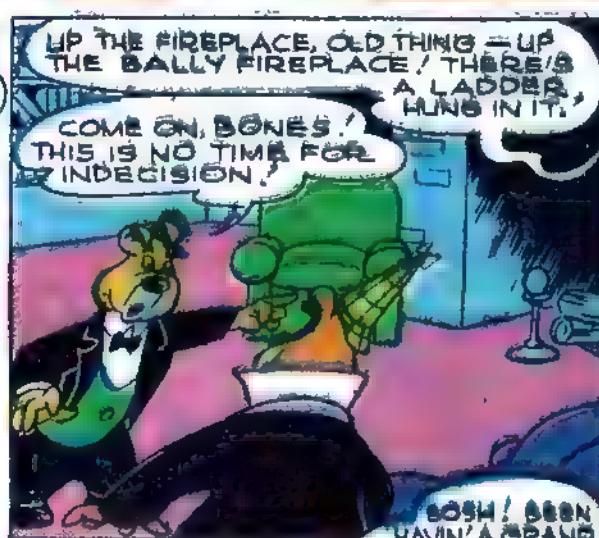
ONE GOOD WAY TO FIND OUT, BONES, WOULD BE TO BREAK THE DOOR DOWN AND... LOOK! THE PIANO JARRIED IT LOOSE. IT'S OPENING!



I SAY, THIS IS A BLINKIN' MYSTERY - THE WINDOW'S FASTENED ON THE INSIDE. HE COULDN'T HAVE LEFT THAT WAY, EITHER!



WHAT! I SAY, SPOTSEM, SHE'S AFTER US AGAIN. WHAT'LL WE DO?



COME ON, BONES! THIS IS NO TIME FOR INDECISION!



CERTAINLY, OLD BEANS. HER LADYSHIP'S - ER - DELIGHTFUL SINGING DROVE ME TO HANGIN' A LADDER IN THE FIREPLACE AND OUTFITTING THE ROOF WITH COMFORTS AND FOOD. I DECIDED TO RESCUE YOU.

YOUR VOICE GOT WEAKER-SOUNDING AS YOU CLIMBED THE LADDER IN THE FIREPLACE EH? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE STARVING!



STRIKE ME PINK! THERE'S KEN AIRY WITH AN ARMFUL OF JEWELS!

GOOD WORK, BONES! I SEE YOUR PLAN IS TO PARACHUTE DOWN AND GRAB HIM!

WH..WHAT! GRAB WHOM? WHAT PLAN? HOY!

I SAY-WHAT, WHAT, WHAT, WHAT, WHAT!

YEEEEE! IT TURNED INSIDE OUT!

YEEEEE!

WOW!



YOW! THE BLINKIN' BRANCH REBOUNDED!

WOWKK!



YOWEEE!

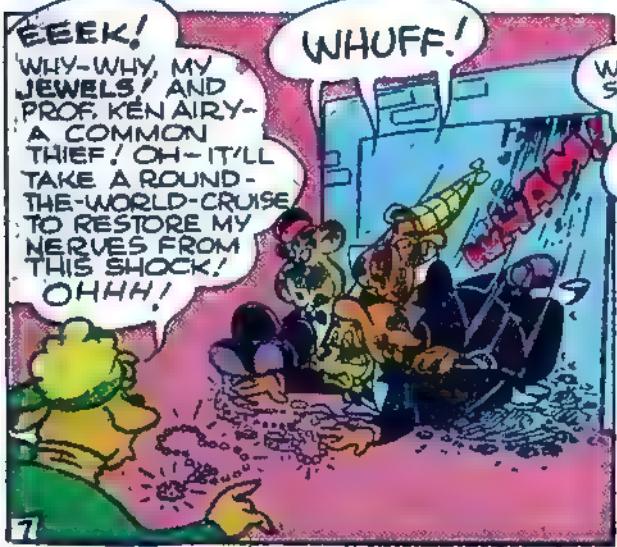
I SAY! JET PROPULSION! MOST PECULIAR—WHAT?



EEEK!

WHY-WHY, MY JEWELS! AND PROF. KEN AIRY-A COMMON THIEF! OH-IT'LL TAKE A ROUND-THE-WORLD-CRUISE TO RESTORE MY NERVES FROM THIS SHOCK! OHHH!

WHUFF!



LATER-BACK IN FAKER STREET...

WELL, BONES OLD CHAP, YOU SOLVED THE CASE, GOT US A REWARD, AND LORD CHUMBLEIGH WILL HAVE A SIX MONTHS RELIEF FROM HER LADYSHIP'S SINGING.

QUIET, SPOTSEM, AND ENJOY THE MUSIC!

YOU GOT TO ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE—ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE

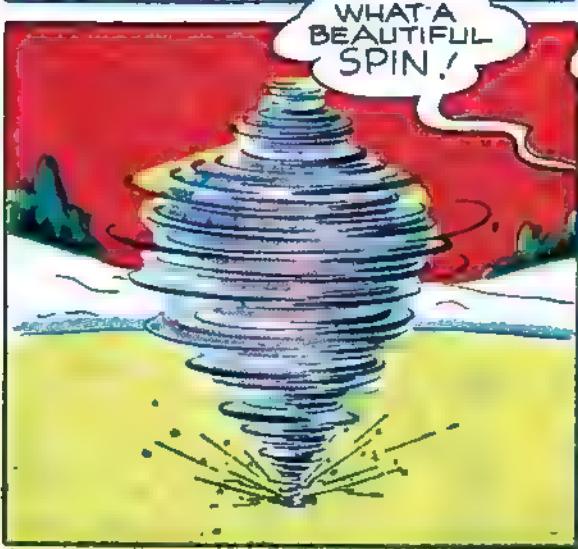


THE END

PANAMA OIL



The Skoff Show





PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE
by JESSE MERLAN •

HOW PORCUPINES GOT TO BE PIN-CUSHIONS

IT was the hottest part of the forest day, also the quietest. Even the slight breeze made hardly a sound as it gently twisted and turned the green tree leaves. Down in the gooey mud of the coolest and deepest water-pool, the big hippos were too lazy even to grunt. The deer were silent in their grass hideaways, no birds dared disturb the heavy heat with song and hundreds of busy, honey-hunting bees made a sleepy humming with their wings as they poised before the drowsily nodding flowers. The forest world was peacefully enjoying a noonday doze.

But suddenly, the air was torn by a long yelping and yowling and screaming and barking. YowWowArrYuhOOh! What a racket! It ripped the quiet day to shreds, and in just three seconds all the forest folk were wide awake.

Georgie Giraffe lifted his head from a tree branch twelve feet in the air. (Georgie had rested it there for a little standing-up nap.) "Sounds like a fox! And is he in trouble!"

It was a fox. And in plenty

of trouble, too. For just then the screams and yells came closer and closer and a small red-brown fox burst through the bushes, yowling as he ran.

From high up on his private limb in his favorite tree, Patrick Parrot looked down and couldn't believe his eyes. "Awright!" he grunted. "Shurz begorra and it's the first time I'm after ever seein' a fox wearin' a beard for a disguise!"

It was true. The yelping fox ran around in tight circles under Pat's tree. And that fox seemed to be wearing a full, bristly, stiff beard. The hairs were long and sharp and they were silver in color. The young fox was wearing someone's old beard.

But just then old and wily Philo Fox slid silently from a grassy forest path and started chasing after the younger and smaller fox. "Wait, Phill!" he yelled. "I'll help you. Just hold still till I can pull them out! You fool, I've often warned you not to go fooling with Peter Pi!"

And then Patrick Parrot understood, and gave a loud and long shout of screeching laugh-

ter. "Hohohaha! That silly fox has tried to take a bite out of Peter, and got a snoot-full of sharp trouble for his pains! Hohoho." Pat rocked with mirth. (He doesn't like foxes.)

So that was it! Young Phil Fox had attacked Peter Porcupine, and now Pete's sharp silver quills were stuck all over the fox's face.

With one last bound, Philo Fox caught his cousin Phil and threw him on his back. And as the forest folk began to walk and crawl and fly toward Pat Parrot's tree, Philo began to work with a pair of tweezers.

Yank! And the small red fox screamed in pain. Pull! And another sharp quill was removed by Philo Fox. "Oh, you young saphead! To go sticking your face into the best-protected fellow in the forest!" Zipp! And out came two stickers.

Pat was enjoying the beauty-pain treatment Philo was giving his cousin fox. "Hohoho," he roared. "Attacking a porcupine isn't like chasing a nice soft chicken, is it, Foxy?" (Pat always reminded foxes about their bad habit of rooster-chas-

ing.) "That'll teach you a lesson!"

The two foxes, the porcupine bearded one and the tweezing and pulling Philo, looked up at Pat in silence. By this time, after Phil had lost half his beard, everybody in the woods was standing around and watching.

"Say, folks," squawked Pat, "that reminds me of how porcupines got to be so stuck-up with their quills. Want to hear that story?"

"Of course we do," said a pert little squirrel. "You know we're all here under your tree and that usually means a story. And besides, you're always eager to tell one. Even if we try to stop you." (Pat sure has a great talking reputation. Gab, gab, gab and more talk. But fun to listen to when he starts stretching the truth.)

"What about porcupines?" rumbled a two-ton hippo. "I thought they were always sharp-quilled, even way back in history."

Pat snorted once and started in. "No, sir! Porcupines were, not always equipped for defense! Way back in the long ages billions of years ago, a porcupine had as smooth a coat as any rabbit."

"And that's awfully smooth and soft," piped up a long-eared bunny. "My coat is so . . ."

"That'll be enough out of you, Bun!" interrupted Pat. "Who's telling this story anyway?"

"And besides," Patrick continued after his audience was still again, "this porcupine-ancestor's coat was longer and silkier than yours. As a matter of fact, porcupines used to have to get hair-cuts quite often, their hair grew so fast and long.

"But just imagine a black and scary night three skillion years ago. Lions and foxes and prowling and roaring meat-eaters were all over the place. Tigers with teeth'a foot long and wolves as big as today's lions . . . and all of them hungry enough to gobble up 63 little porcupines as just an appetizer. That was a cruel, savage world of run-before-you're-eaten.

"Well, Porcupine-Ancestor couldn't run fast, his legs were so short. (As they are today.) But this ancestor went out that night after hiding safely all day. All he wanted was a banana skin or a dropped apple or something. Quietly, he started to hunt for food.

"When suddenly a great lion's roar throbbed through the night. The rumbling raised the hair on that porcupine's back. Raised it with fright.

"Then a tiger screamed. (The ancestor-tiger who had those sword-like teeth.) And the timid and helpless porcupine quivered in fear.

"And added to all this fright, a fox-ancestor came running at porcupine-ancestor. The fox's idea was dinner and that porcupine was IT.

"Well, these three HAIR-RAISING scares all at once were too much for the poor porcupine! And they sure were



Hair-RAISING, all right. And the little fellow was beared stiff. Simply STIFF.

"And that's what saved him. Because his long hair became so stiff that it acted like hundreds of little swords. And when that ancestor-fox tried to bite the ancestor-porcupine — why, all he got was a face full of stickers.

"And porcupines have used that pin-cushion trick ever since. And that's the story."

At the base of Pat's tree, the de-bearding of the young fox was finished. And as everyone turned to wander away for the afternoon meal, a squeaky little voice came from a small bush nearby.

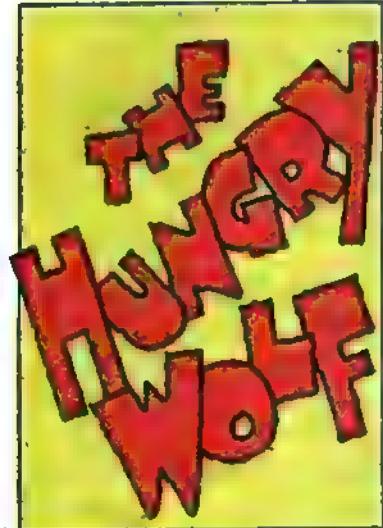
"That may be the truth, Pat." All the forest folk turned to look as Peter Porcupine walked out toward the two foxes.

"Anyhow," continued the bright-eyed porcupine as he shook and rattled his sharp armor of hundreds of quills, "that's the story . . . and that fox there got stuck with it!"

"Hoho!" roared Pat, "I'll say he got STUCK! And so will anyone who's silly enough to try to eat a nice, peace-loving fellow like you."

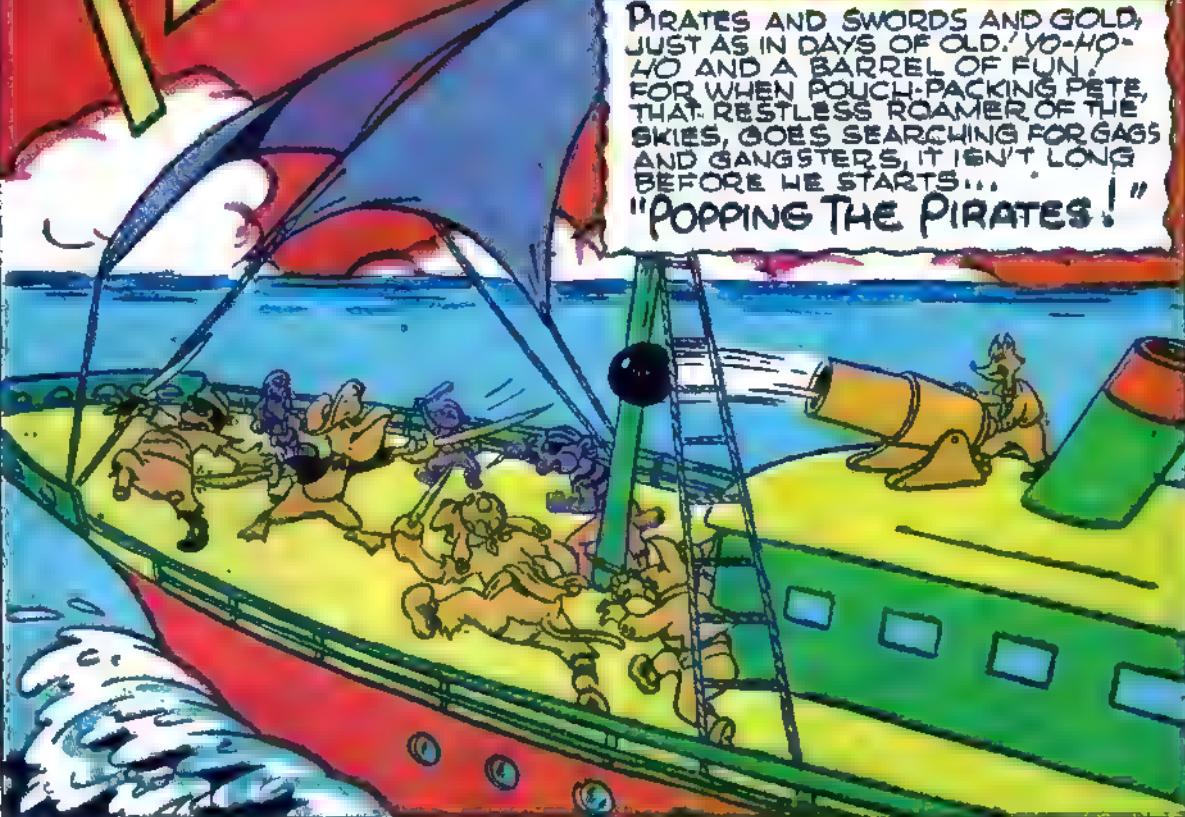
The two foxes just slunk away, leaving Pin-Cushion Peter Porcupine the victor.





PELICAN PETE

PIRATES AND SWORDS AND GOLD,
JUST AS IN DAYS OF OLD, YO-HO-
HO AND A BARREL OF FUN.
FOR WHEN POUCH-PACKING PETE,
THAT RESTLESS ROAMER OF THE
SKIES, GOES SEARCHING FOR GAGS
AND GANGSTERS, IT ISN'T LONG
BEFORE HE STARTS...
"POPPING THE PIRATES!"



AS A PLEASURE SHIP BOUNDS OVER THE
BOUNDLESS BLUE, A MASQUERADE BALL
IS IN FULL SWING!

LET'S WHIRL, THE JOY-WORKS!
YIPPEE! START
GIRL!

HURRAH FOR THE
JOLLY PHONEY PIRATES!

HIGH IN THE CLOUDS, PELICAN PETE
LOOKS DOWN AND MISUNDERSTANDS!
MOTTO: DON'T ALWAYS BELIEVE WHAT
YOU SEE.

PIRATES! I'LL
FIGHT—AND EITHER
WIN OR DIE!



DC

PETE KEEPS EVERYTHING IN THAT POUCH OF HIS.

A SWORD-SWALLOWING ACT IN REVERSE, EH? AVAST VARLETS, PELICAN PETE POUNCES!



THE SHIP'S OURS! COLLECT THE GOLD AND GALS!

SAVE ME! HELP!

FOR THE GOLD AND GALS!



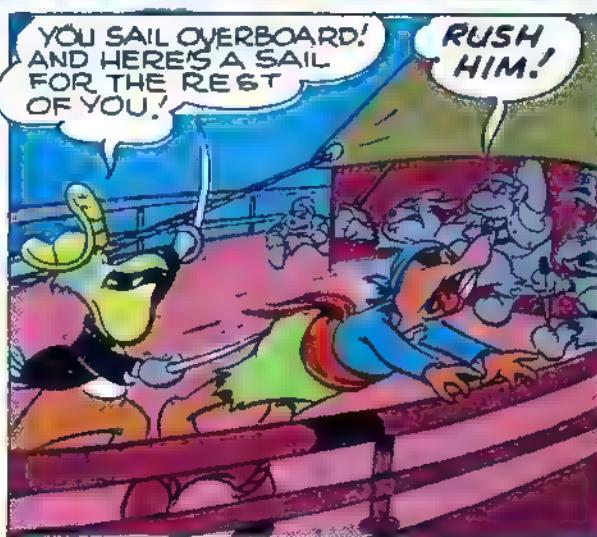
AT YOUR SERVICE, LADY. AND MY SERVICE IS FAST AND SHARP!

OOOWW!



YOU SAIL OVERBOARD! AND HERE'S A SAIL FOR THE REST OF YOU!

RUSH HIM!



THAT SHOULD WRAP UP THE WHOLE GANG!

WHAT GOES ON HERE, YOU MEDDLING FOOL?



YOUR HAT GOES ON! BUT OVER YOUR HEAD!

STOP, STOP! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

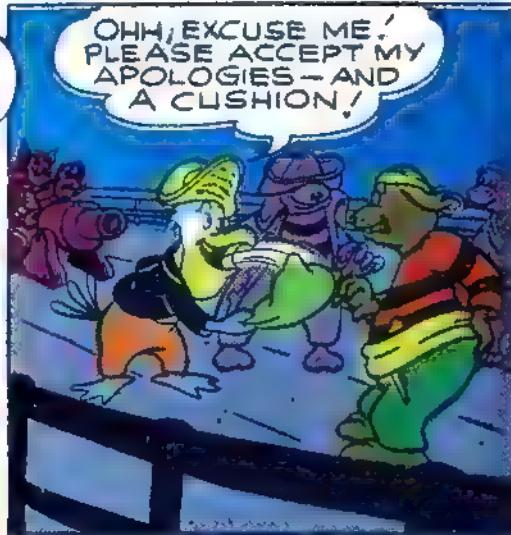


WE WERE ONLY HAVING A SHIP'S MASQUERADE AND PIRATE BALL.. JUST AN ENTERTAINMENT!

AND I DON'T LIKE THE WAY I'VE BEEN ENTERTAINED BY THAT SWORD!



OHH, EXCUSE ME! PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES - AND A CUSHION!



BUT WHAT'S THIS? TWO MORE PIRATES - AND THEY ARE NOT FOOLING!

NOW'S THE TIME! LOAD THE CANNON!

THIS FUSE WILL GIVE THEM A HOT TIME... TOO HOT!



STICK 'EM UP, EVERYBODY! NOW THE REAL HOLD-UP BEGINS!

MUTINY! PART OF MY CREW ARE CROOKS!



OUR CANNON BALL WILL END YOUR PIRATE BALL, IF YOU DON'T OBEY US!

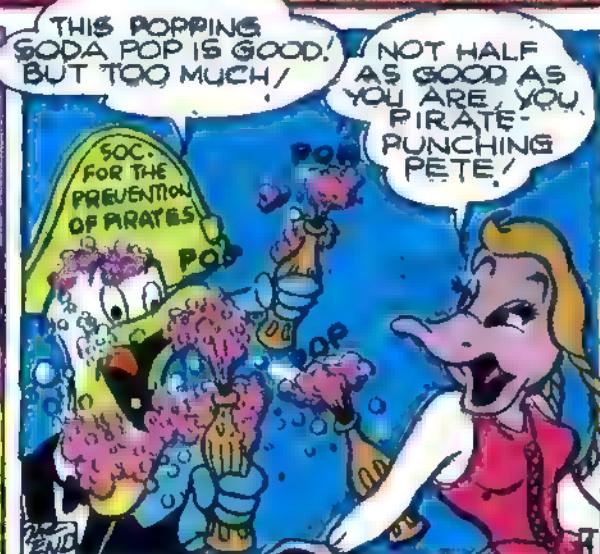
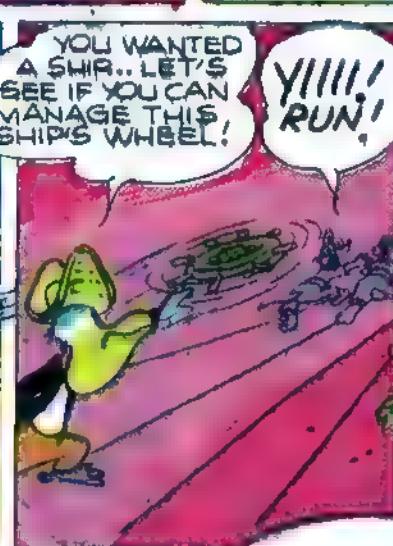
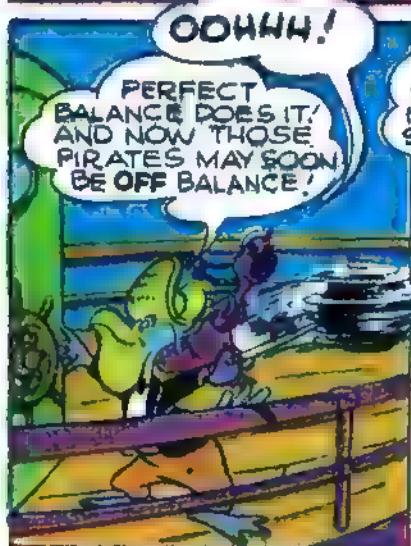
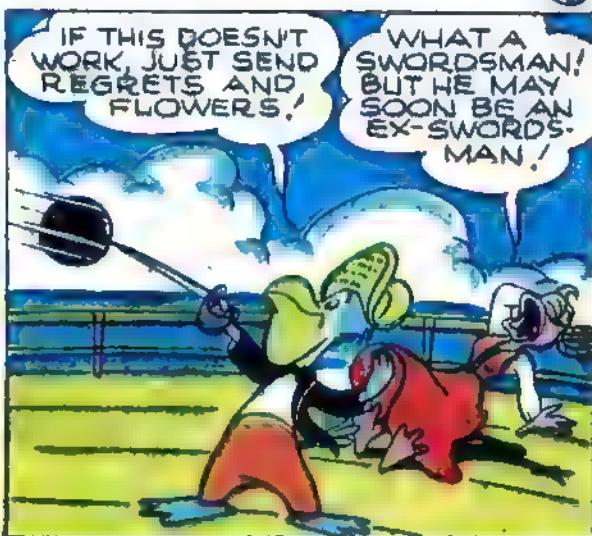
EVERYBODY THROW DOWN JEWELS AND CASH!



I'D RATHER THROW DOWN A CHAIR! LIKE THIS!

WATCH THAT FUSE OR WE'LL ALL SINK! THE FUSE!





WHAT POSITION
YA PLAYIN' THIS
YEAR, HANK?

GREENBERG
PLAYED THE ALL-
STAR GAME BOTH
AS 1ST BASEMAN
AND LEFT FIELDER.
HE WAS TWICE
VOTED THE MOST
VALUABLE
PLAYER AWARD

BETTER DUCK!
GREENBERG'S
AT BAT

HARD-HITTING HANK MANUFACTURED
58 HOMERS IN ONE YEAR -- HE
IS THE ONLY PLAYER WHO
EVER DROVE THE BALL INTO
CENTER-FIELD BLEACHERS AT
CHICAGO'S COMISKEY PARK

Hank

GREENBERG

CHAMPION
SLUGGER OF
THE
CHAMPION
DETROIT
TIGERS

MUST'VE
HAD HIS
WHEATIES



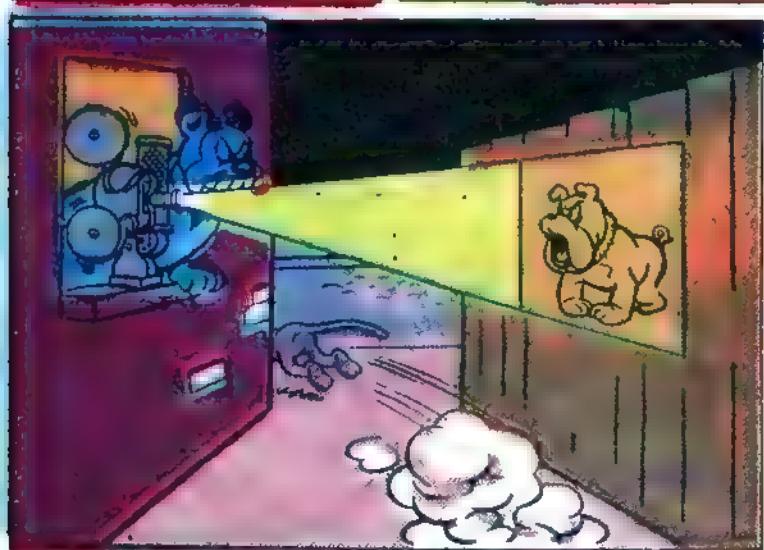
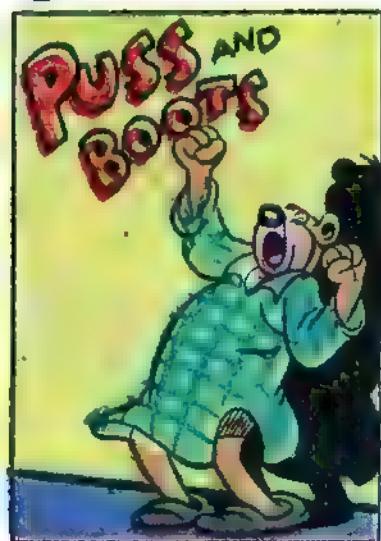
"I EAT WHEATIES JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING," SAYS HANK GREENBERG. "THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR -- PLUS THAT FINE NOURISHMENT -- GIVES ME JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR TO START MY BREAKFAST RIGHT."

"YOU'LL FIND SOME VERY GOOD TIPS IN WHEATIES NEW BOOK, 'WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?'" SAYS CHAMPION HANK GREENBERG. USE COUPON ON WHEATIES PACKAGE TO GET YOUR COPY -- GET 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS

EAT
YOUR
WHEATIES

WHEATIES
Breakfast of
Champions

GET
YOUR
BASEBALL
BOOK



KING OSCAR'S COURT

WHEN A SCOUNDRELLY SCHEMER THREATENS THE SAFETY OF KING OSCAR AND HIS ROUND TABLE, THE KING SAVES THE PERILOUS SITUATION ONLY AFTER FEARLESSLY FACING...

"A TOUGH DAY, AND KNIGHT!"

GOODE KING OSCAR AND HIS KNIGHTS ARE HAVING A ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION...

YOU'RE ANOTHER!

IS THAT SO?

SEZ YOU!

YOWK!



OF ALL THE SISSIFIED-LOOKING OUTFITS! IF MY KNIGHTS SEE ME THIS WAY, I'LL NEVER HEAR THE LAST OF IT!

IF I CAN ONLY GET THROUGH THE GREAT HALL SAFELY...

A FEW FEET MORE AND... UGH!
YOU!?

HO-HO-HO
HA-HA!

STOP IT, YOU
BRAYING
DONKEYS!

DON'T YOU OAFS REALIZE THAT IF THIS FAD TAKES ON, THE QUEEN WILL HAVE YOU ALL DRESSED LIKE THIS... AND CARRYING ONE OF THESE SILLY FENCING SWORDS?

GORSH! THAT'S BAD! WE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHIN'!

I'VE GOT IT! INSTEAD OF THAT SILLY THIN FENCING SWORD, USE YOUR MAGIC SWORD, EXCALIBUR! IT'LL SCARE HIM ALL THE WAY BACK TO FRANCE.

WONDERFUL,
SIR SCRAMSELOT
NOTHING CAN STAND
UP IN FRONT
OF EXCALIBUR!

SO! JUST WHAT I CAME HERE FOR—
TO SEE EXCALIBUR, MAKE A
COUNTERFEIT OF IT, SUBSTITUTE THE
COUNTERFEIT, AND THEN BEAT THE
KING AND ALL HIS KNIGHTS IN
OPEN TOURNAMENT!



BUT EVEN EXCALIBUR WILL
BE USELESS IN KING OSCAR'S
HAND, ONCE I GREASE HIS
GRIP WITH A HANDSHAKE
OF SUPER-SLIP
OIL!



AH, I SEE YOU WANT TO
FENCE WITH THE BROAD-
SWORD! VERY WELL, BUT
FIRST, THE CUSTOMARY
HAND-SHAKE, EH?

SHI'S
ME?

WHAT A
SURPRISE HE'S
GOT COMING!



NOW WE
COMMENCE!

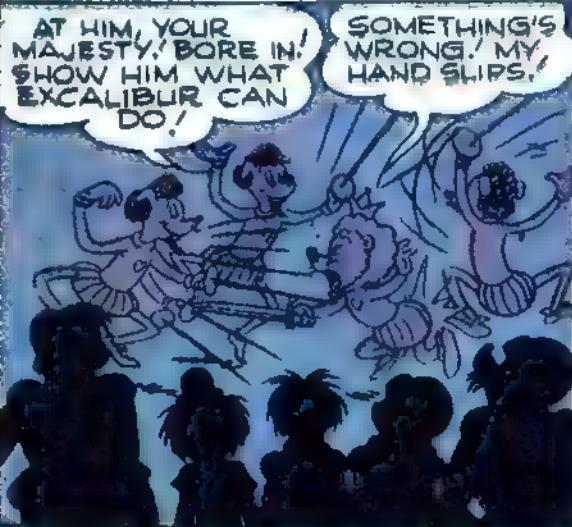
LET'S
GO.

THAT'S FUNNY!
—DON'T SEEM
TO BE ABLE TO
GET A GOOD
GRIP ON
EXCALIBUR!



AT HIM, YOUR
MAJESTY! BORE IN!
SHOW HIM WHAT
EXCALIBUR CAN
DO!

SOMETHING'S
WRONG! MY
HAND SLIPS!



HAH! AND SO
ENDS THE
FIRST
LESSON!

I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT! EXCALIBUR
SLIPPED!

YOW!





THERE! YOU SEE, FROM NOW ON I WANT YOU AND ALL THE KNIGHTS TO BE FENCERS!

YES, I'M LOVE!

GORSH!

THUS, IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS...

BUT I TELL YOU, IF WE KEEP UP THIS SISSY STUFF, WE'LL BE OUT OF SWORD PRACTICE AND WIDE OPEN—IF A REAL DANGER COMES ALONG.

NONSENSE! GASTON WON OVER YOUR FAMOUS SWORD EXCALIBUR, DIDN'T HE?

AT THAT MOMENT...

HAH! NOW I HAVE THE REAL EXCALIBUR, AND KING OSCAR HAS THE FAKE I MADE! I SHALL PRETEND TO RETURN TO FRANCE AND THEN COME BACK AS THE BLACK KNIGHT, CARRYING THE DISGUISED EXCALIBUR!

I AM SORRY YOU MUST BE LEAVING, BUT I'M GRATEFUL FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR US!

IT WAS A PLEASURE, MAJESTY—BUT I MUST RETURN TO MY NATIVE LAND!

AND NOW THAT GASTON HAS GONE, CAN'T ME AND MY KNIGHTS GET INTO SENSIBLE ARMOR AGAIN? AS I SAID, IF DANGER...

FIGGLE-DE-DEE! YOU'VE SEEN HOW EFFICIENT FENCING IS. YOU'RE FENCERS, AND THAT SETTLES IT!

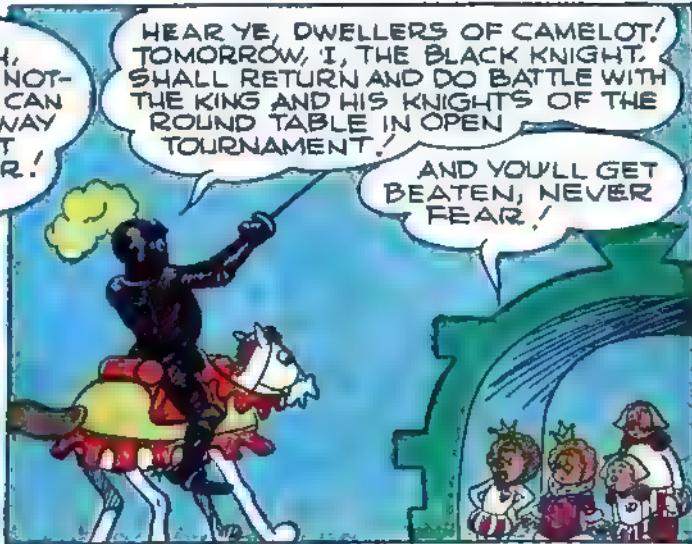
THE VERY NEXT DAY...

GORSH, SIR SCRAMSELOT,
A BLACK KNIGHT RIDING
THIS WAY! HOPE HE'S
FRIENDLY, NONE OF US
CAN FIGHT IN THESE
GET-UPS!

GORSH,
MEBBE NOT—
BUT WE CAN
RUN AWAY
A LOT
FASTER!

HEAR YE, DWELLERS OF CAMELOT!
TOMORROW, I, THE BLACK KNIGHT,
SHALL RETURN AND DO BATTLE WITH
THE KING AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE
ROUND TABLE IN OPEN
TOURNAMENT!

AND YOU'LL GET
BEATEN, NEVER
FEAR!



HA! HA! WITH ME
CARRYING EXCALIBUR,
AND THEM WEARING
NO ARMOR, I'LL KNOCK
'EM ALL LOOPY AND
GRAB THE THRONE!

I'LL SHOW HIM!
EVEN IF THE QUEEN
MAKES US WEAR
THESE FENCING
SUITS, HE WON'T
BE A MATCH FOR
EXCALIBUR!

BUT YOUR
MAJESTY, THE
LAST TIME YOU
USED EXCALIBUR,
YOU ...

TUT, TUT, SIR
AWGOWAN!
THAT WAS ONLY
ONCE. WATCH
ME SWING
TOMORROW!



GOOD THING THAT BLACK
KNIGHT CAME ALONG. I
SHALL SHOW THE QUEEN
THAT THE OLD METHODS
ARE BEST—

OWOOTCH!
HEY!!!

SWIRLIN, THE MAGICIAN!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
CHANGING YOURSELF
INTO A BUCKET?

I WAS
THIRSTY FOR
A LITTLE DRINK
OF DEW WATER!
LISTEN, THERE'S
SOMETHING I WANT
TO TELL YOU!



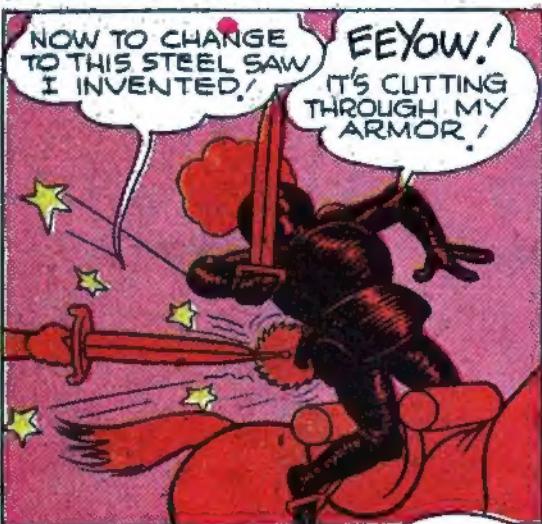


IT'S ME, SWIRLIN, THE MAGICIAN! THE SWORD YOU THOUGHT WAS EXCALIBUR WAS A FAKE!... SO I SUBSTITUTED MYSELF FOR IT! JUST KEEP ME POINTED AT HIM!

B-BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?

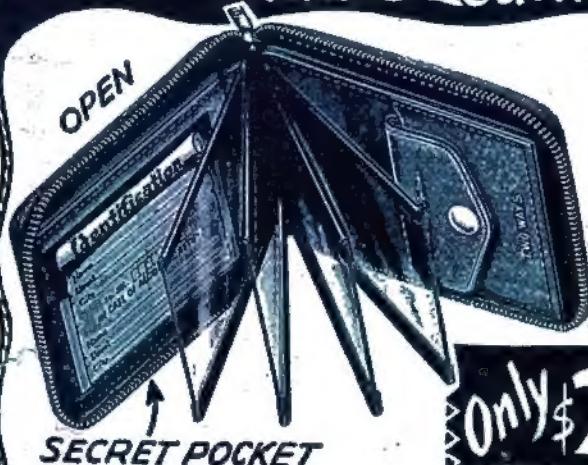
HAVE AT YOU, PANTY-WAIST-
YOWK! GLUG!
GLUG!

TOUGH GUY, HUH?
STOPPED BY A LITTLE INK, EH?



AND I'M SORRY ABOUT MAKING YOU ALL WEAR THOSE FENCING OUTFITS. BUT THAT GASTON DID HAVE SUCH NICE MANNERS!

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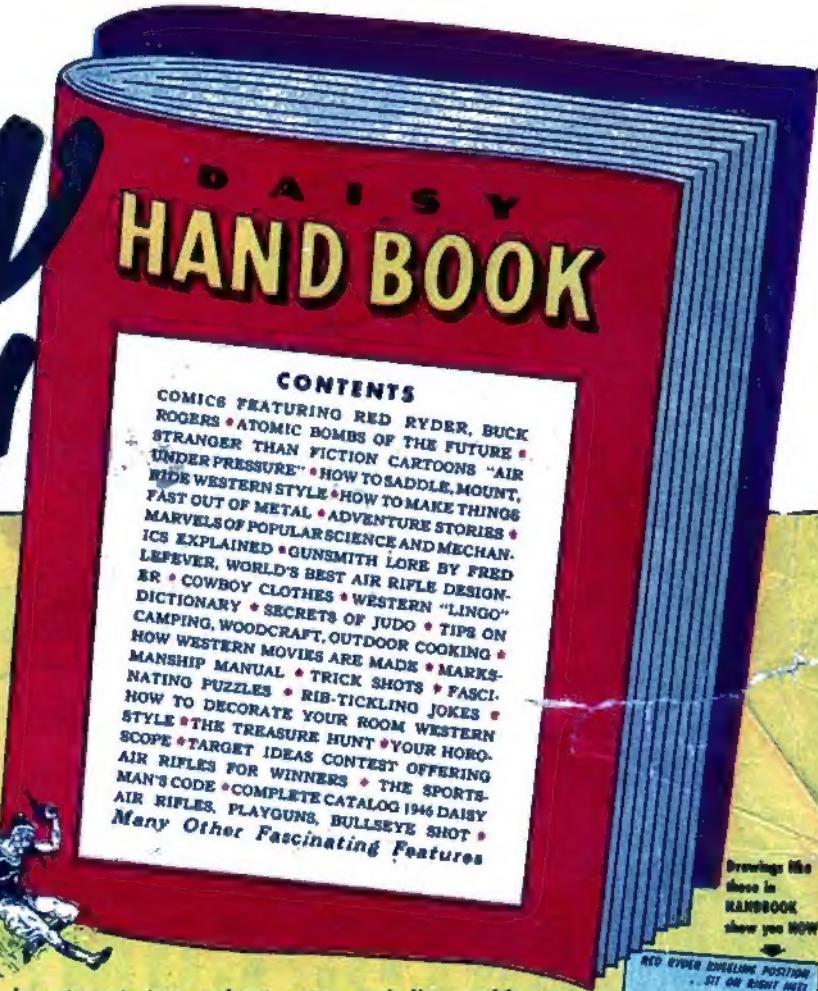
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